

ENGLISH EMIGRATION



CROSSING THE GUANO NYRO, BRITISH EAST AFRICA

A MOST important letter has been drawn up and published by the Princess Christian and three of her colleagues. She herself is president of the South African Colonization society, Lady Bective is president of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, Lady Knightley is president of the British Women's Emigration association, and Lady Grosvenor is chairman of the committee of colonial intelligence for educated women. The theme on which they write is the advantages of the colonies for educated women. The ground fact of the situation is that in this country there is a surplus of females. Biologists tell us that a strong race always produces more females than males, and when males preponderate it is a sign of decay. So there is no reason for apprehension about the fact that the proportion of girl-babies that come into the world in England is greater than that of boy-babies. Further, the numerical difference between the sexes greatly increases as time goes on, probably because more men go abroad either to the colonies or to seek their fortune in some other way. It is too often thought that the colonies are only good for the women who are prepared to go to the backwoods and perform work compared to which the work of domestic service is light. This is not the case. There are as many openings for the younger daughter as there are for the younger son, and it is lamentable that she should be so often, in the words of the letter, "compelled to linger at home till her youth is past with no better prospect than a future of aimless and dreary spinsterhood." The educated gentlewoman, accustomed to country life, will find many openings in the colonies similar to those she has here, only the positions are better paid and less crowded. Again quoting the letter: "In nursing, in teaching, in clerical work and in a score of other capacities the colonists report that there is need of women's assistance." These educated women, many of whom possess a little capital that could be utilized to advantage in a new land, would be a decided acquisition to any colony they went to, as they are for the most part not only well educated, but healthful and even athletic in body. They have every capacity for being useful members of a new community and, in the end, for becoming the mothers of a colonial race. Physiologists may perhaps explain why it is that in the colonies the proportion of sexes becomes changed and the boys predominate over the girls. Dr. Latham, whose dictionary is still in use, used to have a theory which he established by means of many facts and modern instances, that a race never succeeded in maintaining itself as a colony unless it intermingled with the indigenous people or was continually recruited with fresh blood. The climate must certainly produce some effect on the men. The early colonies of Greece and Rome passed utterly out of existence. To keep our own a stream of fresh emigrant blood from England is absolutely necessary.

During the present year Rhodesia is likely to be much before the public eye, and the attention of the emigrant is being freshly directed towards it. This is, in a great measure, due to the advances made in the growing and drying of tobacco. Rhodesian tobacco has now secured a foothold in London, and speaking from personal experience, we are satisfied that it is a sound, clean, unadulterated tobacco, the recent samples showing a great improvement on those first sent to us. The cigarettes, too, seem to meet with general approval. One result of this is to attract a sort of man who does not generally emigrate. That is to say, one who has retired from business with a little capital, or who is in receipt of a government pension. We met a man of this kind the other day. He made a small fortune in Canada in his early manhood, and came home to England, partly owing to a domestic bereavement and partly for the purpose of educating his children. Now that they are off his hands he has started for Rhodesia, because he thinks a colonial life the happiest possible, or, at any rate, the most suitable for a man of his temperament. He has never cultivated tobacco in his life, but prides himself on his ability to pick up any craft that is practised on the land. He timed his journey so as in the course of it to witness the process of drying, because the whole secret of tobacco culture lies not so much in growing as in pre-

paring it for manufacture. Such a man is in every way likely to spend the later portion of his life pleasantly and happily. The labor will not be so crushing as to deprive him of the power of enjoyment, and in Rhodesia he will have the advantage of obtaining three thousand acres of land on what seems to us an extremely easy scheme of annual payment. Tobacco, as the early Virginians found out, is a crop on which fortunes may be founded, and if energetic measures are taken to propagate the merits of the plant in this country, so as to establish a trade of some magnitude, there is every possibility of the man establishing an estate. Perhaps some of his children when they grow elderly will go out to take up the work when he leaves it. But, of course, tobacco is not the only crop which can be grown to advantage in Rhodesia. Its cotton is rapidly coming before the public, and the general agricultural resources of the district are enormous. The drawbacks lie first in its remoteness from the coast and in the scarcity of railways. It will be necessary to strengthen the internal means of communication if Rhodesia is to be developed. At present it has, comparatively speaking, only a very small white population in comparison with the black. No towns of importance have yet arisen, so that the colonist has, so to speak, the world before him. The principal attraction so far has lain in the mines, which now, by the by, are in a very favorable condition for earning profits; but in the end it will probably be found that the cultivation of the soil is the mainstay of Rhodesia.

ISLAND HOME OF THE SERIS

Fierce Inhabitants of Tiburon Have So Far Kept All Mankind at a Distance.

Less than 3,000 miles from the city of New York, and about a third of that distance from San Francisco, there is situated, in the upper reaches of the gulf of California, a small island, worthless even for so mean a purpose as the raising of goats, but nevertheless a center of attraction for the ethnologists and archeologists of the old and new worlds for many generations.

This rocky peak, rising from the quiet waters of the gulf, is known as Tiburon island. Tiburon is a Spanish word which, translated into English, means "shark." The waters around the islet are literally swarming with these tigers of the sea, and the inhabitants of the island are said to be no less ferocious than the sharks. Tiburon is peopled with a handful of Indians, the only aborigines of the kind in the world, known as Seris. They are reputed to be cannibals, to be so fierce that none of the mainland tribes of Mexican redskins ever dare invade their shores, and to possess the secret of manufacture of a peculiarly deadly poison, with which they prepare their arrows before battle.—H. H. Dunn, in Wide World Magazine.

Artistic Deception.

"Yes, we used to be quite enthusiastic about art, but that was just after my husband had made his first million. We ain't goin' in much for it now."

"What has caused you to lose your enthusiasm?"

"You see them art dealers are such awful swindlers. Josiah got interested in a painting that they told him was a masterpiece of impressionism, and after a good deal of dickerin' he bought it for a big price and brought it home; but we found out after we'd got it hung in our gallery that it was nothin' but an egg somebody had threw against the canvas."

Justified Alarm.

Very much excited and out of breath, a young man who could not have been married very long, rushed up to an attendant at one of the city hospitals and inquired after Mrs. Brown in the hospital.

"My God! Don't keep me waiting in this manner," said the excited young man. "I must know how she is."

"Well, she isn't here," again said the attendant.

"She must be," broke in the visitor, "for here is a note I found on the kitchen table when I came home from work."

The note read:
"Dear Jack: Have gone to have my kimono cut out. Annie."

Among the Many Mansions

By Rev. James Mudge, D. D.
Montreal, Can.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14:2.

Too much can hardly be made of the fact that heaven, in a very important sense, in its essential elements, is here and now. Nevertheless, there is, of course, a life hereafter beyond this world, a life eternal in Immanuel's land. There is a place "where Christ is," a place which He told His disciples He would prepare for their final abode. What should be our attitude toward it, our feeling about it? What use can we profitably make of it in the deepening of our spirituality, the perfecting of our character?

It is a test both of our faith and our faithfulness. In proportion to the vigor of our faith will be the clearness of our sight of the things unseen by mortal eye, our realization of the intangible. We may have a faith so strong that there will be no more doubt as to the reality of that world than of this, no hesitation whatever in accepting the intimations concerning it which are found in the written Word, no question as to the satisfying solidity of its joys, the permanency of the rich possessions to which it introduces the redeemed. What will give us this faith? Our faithfulness to God and duty, our living constantly in His presence, our cultivating those faculties which apprehend the things of the spirit. "The doctrine of immortality," it has been well said, "is an achievement and can be present in power only as the issue of that spiritual growth whose flower and fruit it is to be." If we would achieve certainty about it we must so live that it alone stands as the interpretation and consummation of our days. We must habitually cherish such convictions in our soul, must breathe such a high spiritual atmosphere, must walk so closely with the infinite one, with the Heavenly Father, in our daily experience that no other outcome of our being than this blissful continuance beyond death will seem in any way reasonable or possible. Such is the only path to perfect peace in this matter. How can a man of evil life really believe in the hereafter? How can he who is living wholly, or mainly, or even largely for this passing world obtain or retain a firm hold on the fact that there is another world far more important a palace to which this is but a portico? He could not live as he does if he did so believe. His choosing that kind of life inevitably deadens or destroys his power of belief in anything better by and by. We know as to the future what we are capable of knowing. If we would know more we must be more. If we would see further into the future we must live at a higher elevation. This, and not seances or table movings or supposed materializations of the spirits of the departed, is the way to get solid ground under one's feet as to the other world.

Should longings for Heaven fill much of our thought and time? Not to such an extent as to prevent the devotion of all our energies to the work assigned us by the Master. Surely not to the breeding of the slightest discontent with the duration of our tarrying here. St. Paul's position about it (Phil. 1:23) would seem to be ideal. He keenly appreciated the glorious gain involved in the transition to the splendor as yet so imperfectly revealed, but he also appreciated fully the joy of laboring for Jesus on this earth and increasing the triumphs of the gospel. He was sufficiently unselfish to put aside his own joy in favor of the advantage of his converts and others to whom he could do still further good. It is certainly safe to leave the decision as to the best time and manner of our death with God, assured that it shall be exactly right and need not concern us in the least. It is not natural or possible for those in perfect health, in the springtime of youth, with the inviting, untired experience of life in this world all before them, to feel about another world as they reasonably may who are manifestly near it and whose friends are mostly there. Yet at all ages it is wholesome to keep in the background of our thought the solemn fact that we are pilgrims and strangers on these shores of time, and soon to launch forth for a voyage to fairer climes.

The gospel view of death, that it is gain, not loss, to the believer; sunrise, not sunset; transition, not destruction; birth into a higher state of being; something to be hailed with joy, not shrunk from with horror, is far too rare. Most people, as the apostle says, are "all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death" (Heb. 11:15), not knowing that Christ hath abolished death and brought life and immortality" (II Tim. 1:10). What a pity that they should thus miss, through lack of faith, one of their chief joys, the deliverance assured to them in Jesus. It is our privilege, as Browning says, to "greet the unseen with a cheer," to feel that it we? accords with "the new day, the bustle of man's work time," to think of and prepare for and pass to the higher world which waits us there. What, indeed, is there to fear in death, the foe that the mighty Prince of Life so effectually conquered, binding him to His triumphant chariot wheels?

It's mighty hard being patient with the man who prates of his patience.

Jacob's Wrestling With God

By Rev. W. H. Carwardine, Humboldt
Park Methodist Church, Chicago

"I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."—Genesis 32:26.

"Two brothers have been separated for twenty years," said Rev. Mr. Carwardine. "They parted in anger. Esau, the elder, vowed to slay Jacob, the younger, for robbing him of his birth-right. It was a bad affair. But time had wrought a change.

"The elder brother had become the head of a wild, roving and indomitable race of people. The younger brother had been a wanderer, but had gathered about him, by industry and shrewd trading, a large fortune. Now, with his herds, servants and family he is moving back to the country of his early days. News is brought that Esau is coming to meet Jacob, and in fear the latter imagines that there is still hatred in his heart. He seeks to propitiate his brother with magnificent gifts, sends his flocks and family over the brook and beside the still waters of Jabbok he has the struggle of his life.

"Jacob's wrestling with the angel is the struggle of a soul with his God. Jacob was a race-maker. He had suffered in many ways by his fraud, perpetrated on Esau. But Jacob was the greater man of the two, and by right of character and intellect was better fitted for the birth-right and the prestige which it gave him than was Esau. The result was an illustration of the survival of the fittest.

"Man must suffer for the evil he has done, but he can rise superior to the mistakes and blunders of his youth.

"If there had been no hope for Jacob after the duplicity and deceit of his earlier life, largely the result of an overweening fondness of a mother for her favorite child, then there would be no hope for a vast number of good men in this life. But there must come the time of struggle, with its bitter tears and its fear and anguish. Through deep waters of mental and physical anguish, man's better nature comes to the front and he rises to a higher ideal. All souls that have wrought good to the world have had the storm and stress of struggle. Woe is the man who has evaded this struggle, whose courage failed him at the crucial moment, who ran from the angel of his better self and let slip the golden opportunity to win the self-victory.

"Evade the struggle and degeneration sets in. Degeneration is a terrible force, as inevitable as the laws of the universe. The uncultivated field returns to weeds. Flowers and fruit degenerate if not cared for. The change consequent on neglect is always for the worse. What we call the dregs of society contains men who once had a chance and have settled to the bottom of the social mass. If neglected physically he becomes dehumanized. If neglected mentally, he lapses into imbecility. If neglected spiritually, he becomes hardened toward God and things divine. It is not the dreamers and seers of visions who have played the great part in the world's drama. It is rather the strugglers and wrestlers who have wrought out the great things for humanity. When on the morrow Jacob had fought his battle and had halted upon his thigh, he had crossed the Jabbok a new man. He had crossed his spiritual Rubicon and had burned the bridges behind him and went out to a new life.

"Tell me thy name!" cried this man in the night struggle to the angel. It was the demand of the soul for an answer to the mystery of deity and things holy. It is the mystery of all things that touch on immortality and the eternal verities. What is the answer to the demands of the soul? What is the answer to the inquiry of my heart and my intellect as concerning the things that lie out so mysteriously beyond the ken of human conception. All men in greater or less degree have this demand of the inner nature for an answer to the deep riddle of life and the future.

"The answer to Jacob came by prayer. Physically he was crippled for life, but his loss was his strength. In his weakness he had received the greatest blessing of his life. When man battles truly with God he will be defeated as to his pride and his self-glory, but he will be victor in the soul strength that makes for a nobler life. Better to lose some things than to lose one's spiritual power. There are some scars that are worth having. Either the devil will inflict scars or God will. Better to carry about you the scars of the Almighty than those of the evil one. The old veteran who marched in the parade last Monday may have had the wounds of battle on his body, but they were honorable wounds and gained in a just struggle. Out of the scars and smittings of life's struggle comes the beatification of noble upliftings.

"Necessity drove this man to his knees. When we feel that the avenger is on our path, when the precipice yawns beneath our feet, when the sin of a lifetime is about to be revealed, when hope dies out and out last resource is cut off, then it is that some men think of God. Sorrows and afflictions drive many men to God. There was a time when we loved to choose our own way and did not pray that God should lead us on. Thank God then that He hears our prayer. Not all men are led this way. But some are, and it is good to know that the ear of the eternal is not deaf to our entreaty, nor His arm shortened that He cannot help.

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